WEW REVIEW

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THE WEW REVIEW

Ron Pannell: Cover

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FANTASY = PURE FANTASY

Once upon a time...

"Livingston College has no ivory towers..."

"Livingston is a distinctively contemporary-minded college. Its primary concern is to evoke from its students and its faculty an intense intellectual involvement with the world in which they live..."

"Much has been donein the design of the Livingston College buildings to encourage informal education. They have been placed, and their interiors designed, to invite the mingling of students and faculty and to encourage exchange between them."

"At Livingston College students are aware of the relevance of what they are learning..."

"Livingston has a special commitment to disadvanged students."

"At Livingston, students assume an active role in the goverance of the college. Decisions concerning campus issues reflect the joint participation of students, faculty, and administrators."

"The notion that learning only happens in some special place - the classroom - and between certain special hours - from 8 to 5 Monday through Friday - is unacceptable at Livingston."

"The student is able to choose from a large and varied set of social, athletic and cultural activities."

"There is freedom at Livingston. Livingston students are able to plan their own curricular and extra-curricular life styles. They are provided with extensive advising and counseling... He is able to choose from among a large number of well-defined curricula in all major subjects."

And they lived happily ever after!

Michael Lanzy

Welcome to the fun-filled pages of The W E W Review. Through the efforts of a hard-working (?) journalism class, we hope to bring you an enjoyable session of reading.

This issues's theme is fantasy from wherever we could find it.

So enjoy!

THE EDITORS

Kathy Lucombe
Larry Braverman
Alfred Wyche
Janice Thompson
Jim Simon

POLITICAL FANTASY

Fantasy has enormous political significance. This is why ideologues always try to keep it in harness. When fantasy is neither tamed by ideological leashes nor rendered irrelevant by idiosyncrasy, it can inspire new civilizations and bring empires to their knees.

It does all this through that particular form of fantasy we call social vision, or perhaps simply "political fantasy." Political fantasy goes beyond the mere political imagination. It is not content to dream up interesting twists within existing societal patterns. It envisions new forms of social existance, and it operates without first asking whether they are "possible." Fantasy is to the individual person what utopian thinking is to the polis. It provides the images by which existing societies can be cracked open and recreated. It prevents societies, like thought systems, from becoming "closed and ossified." It can be dangerous if it tempts people away from dealing with the real issues. There are societies that have gone mad in this sense. But a society without the capacity for social fantasy faces equally serious dangers. It will die of sclerosis instead of schizophrenia, a much less interesting way to go.

Political fantasy requires a symbolism that will stimulate it without constricting it, and a social means for nourishing and feeding its potency back to the polis. Without such a symbolic and structural connection, political fantasy will become incoherent even to its own visionaries, and will soon evaporate into the ozone.

Political fantasy, on the other hand, must never be trapped into definitions of the possible, the feasible, or the practical that inform any mass. Like "reality," the term "possibility" is not by any means a precise one. History has a way of surprising us by confounding our most assured convictions about what is possible. We

should not even be sure about the popular notion of "death and taxes." The charge that some idea lacks "realism" can become a spear in the arsenal of reactionaries, hurled impatiently at anyone whose vision might upset existing privilege and power. So the powers that be must never hold the mortgage of the house of political fantasy. Its social location must be "in but not of" the existing order. And this is not at all easy to do.

We find books by Edward Bellamy, Tommaso Campanella, Sir Thomas More, and many others political fantasy. These venturesome social fantasizers didn't merely tinker with rearranging the furniture, they also struck out toward a whole new social structure. Their main contribution was to show what man could think out wholesome new social forms. Their influence on the polis has been considerable.

Yet something has happened to this traditional polititical fantasy. Over the last 200 years it has been declining, and by now our society has almost completely lost the capacity for utopian thought. Our images of the future tend to be drawn as extensions of the present. Our social imagination has been wasted. Unlike previous generations, whose visions of the society exceeded their means of accomplishing them, we suffer from a surplus of means and a shortage of visions. In this sense we have lost the capacity for fantasy and cannot escape the present. Space travel, telecommunication, robotry, and weapons systems have all been "improved," but rarely does anything significantly new in political terms enter the picture. The most widely read portraits of the future in recent years, 1984 by Orwell and Brave New World by Huxley, are not political fantasies at all but warning to us of how awful things will be if we continue on our present course.

The problem is a serious one. When we run out of images of the future polis that are radically at variance with that what we now have, we limit the possible range of changes. We initiate a self-fulfilling prophecy, and end up with more of the same. This process soon ends in social and cultural stagnation. It produces the lifeless society.

Louis Economopoulos

PEPPERONI PIZZA

Raymond had been alone for a long time. Once he'd been lonely, but he came to expect the silence and eventually he even made a friend of it. Not such an odd character originally, his solitude had changed, warped, and molded him, bit by bit, until he was like a dust covered window: seeing little and scarcely being seen. A bit of an eccentric.

He ,was a workman, meaning only that he worked at something tedious for long stretches of time until he was allowed to go home - home being a furnished room eight blocks from "work".

Every morning of the week Raymond shuffled wearily through these eight blocks to work, and every evening he shuffled wearily back. That is, if it wasn't winter. In winter, he would strain and push against the often icy wind, one hand on the sailor's woolen hat atop his brown curls, the other holding his tweed topcoat all the tighter about him. Occasionally, he would devote so much of his energy to getting through the streets that he would find himself lost in a section of town unknown to him. This invariably made Raymond chuckle to himself and decide to explore. And that was good, for lonely people oftentimes forget how to chuckle and see themselves in a silly light.

On this particular wintery Tuesday, Raymond found himself standing inside a small, poorly lit luncheonette. Hands in the pockets of his coat, he stared out the large front window at the light snow; millions of little particles whipped in,smashed,into chaos by the howling, insensitive wind. He felt tight and withdrawn, not yet unwound from his fight against the storm.

He'd been in the midst of a raging argument with himself a few minutes before over whether to have a tuna fish lunch, which was good for him, or a pepperoni pizza, which wasn't, but which he liked. His stomach hadn't been getting along,withmhis mouth for some time now, and his mind refused to get involved.

A glance at his watch told him suddenly that he was going to be late for work. A look at his surroundings brought home a second realization: that he was lost. A nervious scanning of the streets had produced the luncheonette, where he now stood.

The luncheonette was on the sleazy side; its red stools slashed; its mirror dirty; its counterman decidedly unfriendly looking. But Raymond was able to get from him quite a satisfactory eggcream, so the situation was not altogether on the black side.

After the mandatory phone call to his employer's secretary (for his employer wasn't in) from a nearby phone booth, he hunched back,on the sad, peeling, red stool. Sitting down

to finish his eggcream, he noticed a curious black object next to his glass. He reached out and suddenly stopped, frozen, as it were, by a sudden motion of the thing. He scrutinized it for a moment; then, satisfied that it was not going anywhere in particular, he touched the top of it. Or rather, its back, for it suddenly produced six rather ugly feet, and revealed itself to be a cockroach. Raymond was shocked at the gall of the little creature (by his eggcream!) and was about to notify the counterman, when he heard the word "No!" spoken in an adamant, though tinny, voice. Raymond glanced about; no one looked at him or gave any sign of having spoken. He looked down. The cockroach was staring at him, in an effort obviously directed towards eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation. With a sinking depression in his stomach, Raymond remembered that eyeball-to-eyeball confrontations were not his forté, and as a matter of fact, he couldn't recall ever having won any.

"All right. I won't call the owner. Can you spit tobacco?" Raymond asked expectantly.

"No! You're thinking of grasshoppers!" the tinny voice responded crushingly.

"So I am," Ray muttered, crushed. "What, then, do you propose to give me for undoubtedly saving your life? And if cockroaches have names, I would appreciate knowing yours. Mine is Raymond."

"Cockroach! Cockroach indeed, sir! I happen to be a dung beetle, wellknown for rolling small pellets of dung along with great industry, and on occasion stealing similar pellets from my brothers. I see you scoff, sir!" the beetle said, sharply noticing Raymond's giggle, "but be it known, I am no normal dung-beetle. I am the sacred beetle or scarab, if you prefer. And I am Zeus Olympius."

"Zeus. I see," said Raymond, seeing nothing. "Well, Zeus, you are rather long winded; I'll grant you that."

There ensued an uneasy silence between them, which Zeus broke, as he was not fond of uneasy silences; or pregnant pauses, for that matter.

"Know, Raymond, that I was once Lord of all Olympus, brother of Posidon and Hades, son of Cronus, the all-father of Rhea, the earth-mother. How does that strike you, Raymond?"

"Uneasily, Zeus. How is it then, that you have assumed such a, if you'll pardon the phrase, foul form?"

"A sad tale, a sad tale," Zeus said, looking away sadly. "I happened to be in Lower Egypt, many thousands of years ago -- wandering about -- escaping, really, from a small-minded wife and a boring Olympus. Out for some kind of diversion, I was admiring the cattle , cows specifically.

This might seem a bit strange to you, " Zeus interrupted himself, noticing the quizzical raising of Raymond's left eyebrow. "But at the time I had assumed the form of a bull. B ulls have a great deal more going for them sexually than humans, and, as I said, I was out for diversion. I'd been strolling about for several days, when, near dusk, something breath-taking came across my field of vision. I don't know whether it was the sensuous way she whipped her tail about, scattering flies, or the dainty way she had of picking her way through the mud. Whatever it was, I was captured. Since I'd made myself a superb body, it was no surprise when she ambled over, rubbed my haunches, and asked if it was hot enough for me. Oh, the delight of her bovine giggle when I replied that it was not!" And here Zeus faltered, overcome with emotion of the memory.

"Do go on," Raymond said softly.

"Yes. Well, we played, romped, and rolled for all of the night. Daylight found us still going strong, and it wasn't until the next evening that we collapsed, exhausted and happily spent."

"Whew," Raymond breathed.

"Correct. However, though I be supreme god, god of war, god of victory, god of family ties, presiding over moral law and social virtues, and god of a thousand and one other titles, all was not peaches and cream; for I am also married to Hera, goddess of irritation(at least to me). Unbeknowst to me, she'd been spying upon us from Olympus all the preceding night and all the next day, seething with jealousy over the innocent pursuits of Felicita (for that was her name) and myself; she planned a terrible revenge. She went to Memphis, disguising herself as a local celebrity, a certain Cleopatra. She sought out a temple, hit it off quite well with the priest (as the earthly Cleopatra wasn't to be born for some thousand years) and using a bit of charm here, a bit of charm there; well, she got in contact with old Nut's son, that hawkfaced Ra."

"Hawkfaced Ra?" asked Raymond, bewildered.

"Yes. Some Memphite divinity who claims to be the highest of the high, and as if that weren't enough, he also claims to be the god of the midday sun. There's been bad blood between us for a long time, dating back to when he'd challenged Apollo to a flaming chariot battle and I had intervened with a well-placed lightning bolt."

"You did what?" Raymond was ashamed of his companion.

"Yes," Zeus looked glum. "But Apollo is my son."

"I see," said Raymond, seeing a little bit.

"So, with Hera's help, he put a spell on me; using my own powers as god of family ties."

"What? Some Egyptian imposter put a spell on the Supreme God, the God of Victory etc.?"

"Well, look at what they did to Jesus! You can't always win, you know!"

Splat! The counterman's hairy hand had ended the sad saga of Zeus. Raymond's eyes followed the hand up the arm, and then into the face of it's owner, who was not smiling, and in fact seemed about to repeat his recent violent attack, this time on Raymond's own unfortunate head.

"Listen. Ya been sitting here all morning daudlin' over one eggcream. One. That costs fifteen cents. If you think that you can sit all day, my friend, over..."

"Do you make pizza?" Raymond cooly cut him off.

"Yeah," he answered suspiciously.

"With pepperoni. Thank you."

The counterman left and Raymond was once again alone.

Larry Braverman

SOME DAY WHEN I GET HOME

Some day when I get home
My lodgings will not be there
Only the void through which they fell.
I'll peer in dibelief,
No friend or foe to give relief,
For friends and foes are none.
I am one.

To be alone like that
Is the most terrible thing.
It's dreaming Bus 12 you ride each night
Is crawling through mammouth webs,
Mists on hoary moors like gauze statures
Supporting the world.

You scream: "Where are we going?"
Then find the "we" is "I";
All other seats are empty.
The driver in his cage is mute,
Popping gum.
Bus 12 is now number Null
With destination: Gone.

Just as some busses in dreams go nowhere
And as my house down that void
Went nowhere,
Elephants and donkeys with false promises
Go nowhere.
Orphans, widows, and wives all gone,
And parlor curtains sad and drawn.

With all these go soldier ants
From lush and bloody lawns
Still devouring a marble Venus,
Just another obstacle to delay
Their ceaseless marching
In the jungles made by man.

Now comes a terrible sucking
And like a flock of dust
Into an endless vacumn hose,
I, too, am jetting
To the void that is
Nowhere.

-Adrienne Soricelli

EXPERIMENT I _ DESIRE

The garden contained three, possibly four, malignant growths. To survive, these growths had to have energy; they didn't produce their own. So they used the energy of other life forms as food. Finally, they reached a level of development where they had more than enough food, enough to last a good deal of time; say a million years or more. And then one problem stood in their way.

What to do, thought thegrowths, what to do? They had known this problem existed for some time, but they had never found it staring at them quite so closely. After a while a quiet feeling of boredom seemed to surround the garden. Life for the growths got very tiring and they were eventually forced to think about such topics as creation and a lot of other things that seemed silly after a while.

At last, after a healthy number of years had gone by, the growths felt that they had missed something. But they were at a loss to explain just what it was they missed. Somewhere along the way a wrong turn had been taken. Nothing they did seemed to satisfy them. Ideas that were important to them at one time started to lose meaning. A fresh outlookwas needed: one that would also solve the food problem. They had only a few thousand centuries of extra energy left. The growths were truly at a loss until-

One day the growths sent a challenging notice to their public, asking for a new type of entertainment from any territory within 400 light years. Attached to the notice was a small letter; in it the public was reminded that they were the expendable ones. Indeed, it was true they could be used as a food source. Although that sort of event hadn't occurred for such a long time the public barely remembered.

Anyway, the kingdom was motivated and after a very brief period of time an armada was sent out to search and bring back a few pleasurable items to relieve the boredom of the growths.

This journey took quite a while, but the growths didn't mind. In fact, they rather enjoyed the wait. It had been a long time since they had felt a sense of apprehension. Even if it was directed towards an event in the future...

And this future didn't take very long to become the present. The aramda came back quickly. Quickly, considering it had a few galaxies to hunt in. The public was pleased with its efforts to survive.

And the items found by the search teams were sent to the garden. Everyone lined the streets to see what had been brought back. And so it came to pass...from the plaza

to the gate...three unused layers of pure desire, so large that it was recorded to occupy half the courtyard, and so heavy that it took a battalion of grossities- those captured primitives-400 years just to push it across the infamous pastures of sin where, if legend is correct, the last public uprising had been put down. These grossities strained so much while pushing the three desires that they passed through seven stages of mental development, and were later granted free access to almost all libraries.

At any rate, the growths were ready. They observed the three layers of desire and, after being told how to direct each desire, the growths smiled, happy for a new venture. All the growths sat down and stared, wide eyed, at the first layer of desire. For them, the only object that existed, had ever existed, was the one they stared at. And the first layer of desire glowed softly, building up in intensity until a searing white flash of light occupied the minds of the inhabitanta within a radius of a thousand light years or so...

CLICK

The consciousness of these life forms went out. Mind blank. Total memory reasure. The growths now prodded, and stratched, and tested the brain matter they owned, or rather that they were. Sights of unimaginable magnitude faced them. Colors that could never be viewed in any one solar system (due to wave differences) were enjoyed and studied. The forms on a few hundered planets moved around to locate something to taste and to smell. A trillion mouth-like orifices and taste centers orgasmed with the richness of new flavors. And there were smells that practically drove the growths to madness as they surged through brain structures that no longer treated these smells as common. And then the forms heard; hearing sounds that simultaneously tortured and elevated their being.

Let us touch- thought the growths. To touch objects and not be able to relate or interpret thesensntions frustrated the growths to a point where all their energy potentials could be reached. They exerted so much pure mental energy because of the desire to understand that it forced the life forms to blend. Genetic patterns and primal energy sources were switched and re-arranged, as well as evolutionary development.

We must understand, thought the growths.

CLICK.

And like a picture out of focus that finally settles into a clear image, so it was with sight. All the images that had been seen by the various lif forms now became one image. Black space...nothingness. An incredible vista ammounting to one consciousness. And all the countless separate tastes coalesced into one definate understandable taste. And all the smells became a single smell; that of sharp coldness. And the sounds became, became the very tunes of life itself.

The growths announced that the first desire had been used to its capacity and had ceased to be.

The growths were ready for the second layer of desire. Without bothering to discuss what had just happened, they used the same procedure as before. The second desire was showing signs of activation. It was becoming spherical. there was a constant color change going on and as the darker spectrums were approached the time between changes lengthened. Red...Purple...Brown...and eventually, black. The growths had desired to become death. And so they willed their poison energy to a populated galaxy not very far away. The growths entered the life form's consciousness and made themselves known to the basic energy systems within these organisms.

Fading. Everything is fading and draining out-thought the growths.

All the wills of these life forms tried to preserve themselves. They thought only of survival and existence. To be. This naturally made the growths quite excited; they liked this feeling, death. But the moment of nonconsciousness arrived. It dominated all. It was colorless, odorless, sensationless, thinkless, and beingless.

This death, the growths declared, is not good once it has finished occuring.

One of the growths asked, how can we enjoy and gather energy on nothingness? Although, when the life forms exerted the will to survive, we gained enoughenergy to expand our kingdon several times.

Therefore, said another growth, we sould find the basicenergy behind survival thoughts.

And so, at last satisfied that the two desires had led them to an endless supply of energy, the growths decided to use the last desire immediatly. There seemed to be no time to wait. The growths sat down and began the procedurefor the last time. And the last layer of desire was flattening itself; it took on an orange color and sent out wave upon wave of energy toward the growths until the growths were being smashed by pure primal energy. The growths were overcome with more energy than they knew how to use. They lost the feeling of we, of one. They became total ego. Each was an identity that looked on; not part of a process of naturalism. And this feeling grew and dominated all other thoughts, until the only unifying feeling among them was the one word they rpeated over and over again, each time more proudly: Me.

Me, said one growth, turning proudly to the others.

Me, said another growth boastfully.

That went on for a number of centuries until one growth couldn't stand to be in the company of the others; and so he simply got up and left. That seemed quite rational to the remaining ones, and they departed also.

Needless to say, the garden had been left quite untended. And as time went around in circles there evolved a group of three, possibly four, very odd looking, quiet, wide- eyed life forms.

Mark Yocsridn Simons

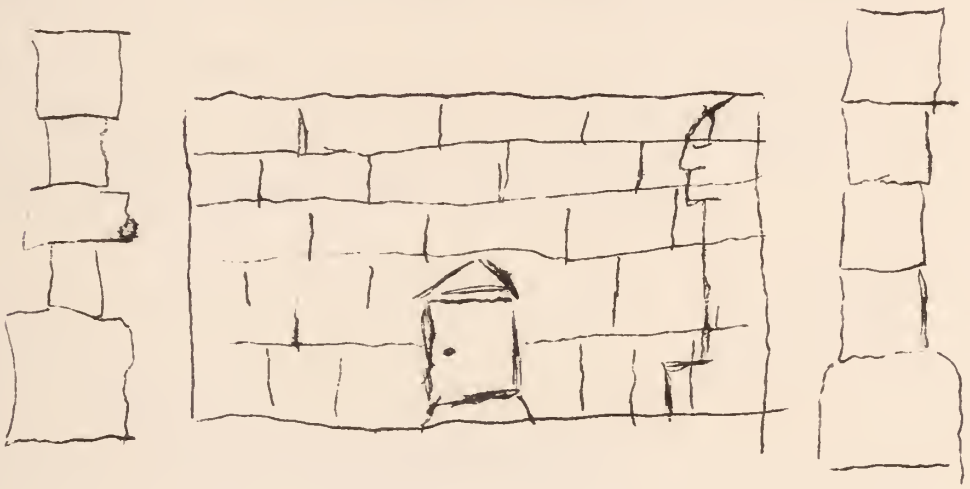
DREAMS: THE INNER CONFLICT?

There is a battle going on at the left end of a rolling green field. A well-dressed youth cautiously creeps over a low hill in the foreground, watches the fighting, then backs off, retreating along a protecting dip in the earth. He is returning to a group of soldiers crouching at the far right.

War is deadly and life is precious!

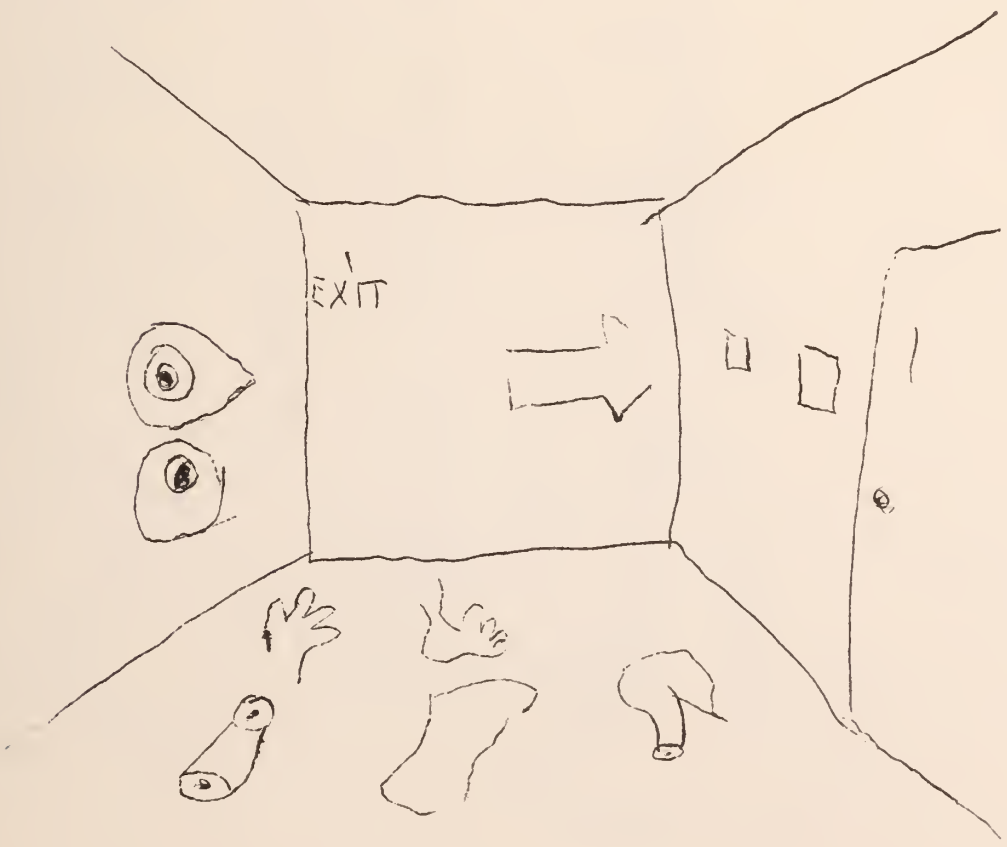
I am slowly scanning a long, tall building made of large, gray stone blocks. The edifice may be a university and the city seems to be in France. At the right end of the street stands a giant several stories tall, resembling a pale robot with humanoid features.

Is this the "intelligence" of the future?



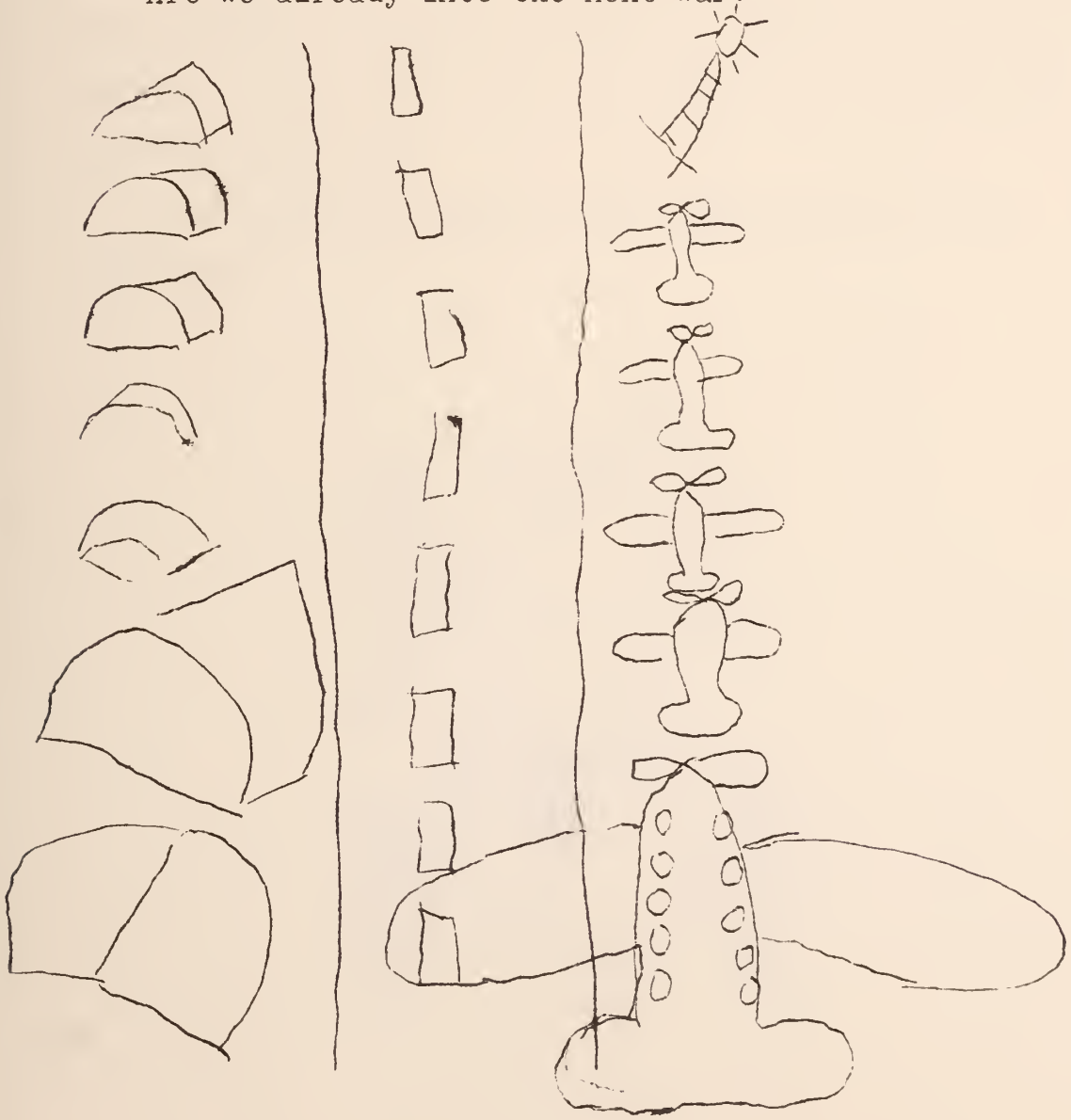
A mob of tightly-packed students is slowly moving back and forth along a narrow corridor. Someone has stolen my notebooks; I am trying to find the culprit in the crowd. Now I am looking for the notebooks in a bare, musty, dim basement room. There are pieces of flesh scattered around the floor and pasted against the cement walls; one of the blobs looks like part of a human eye. Someone may have torn apart a body and wantonly thrown the pieces around this dungeon.

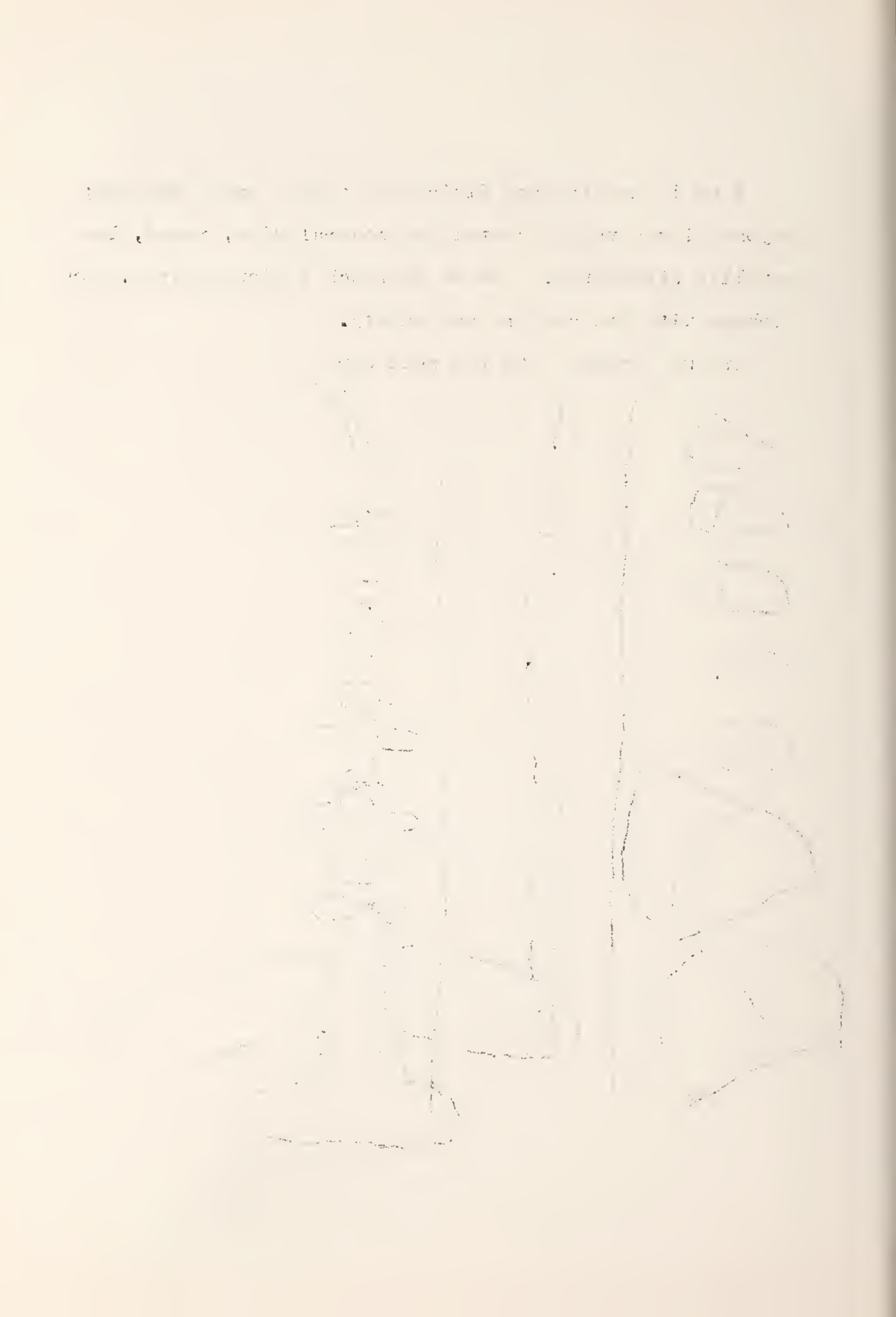
Are there fiends among the students?



I am in an airplane flying low over a green plateau; beyond lies a valley containing several wide, round, low metallic structures. Now we approach a glowing area, our airbase with its comfort and safety.

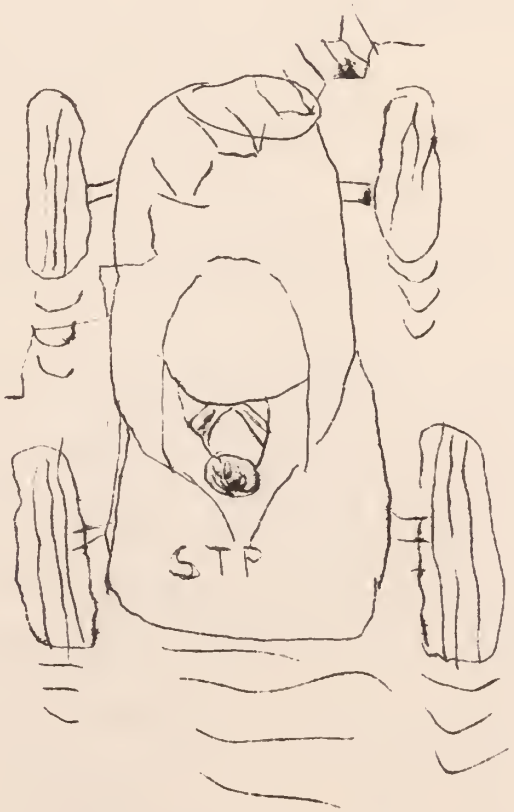
Are we already into the next war?





I am sliding down a long, long flight of stairs, faster and faster until the steps are streaking by in flashes. After descending four or five stories I slip onto a long, low racing car that is speeding by. The driver is lyong on his back, steering as he watches the road through an overhead mirror. I crawl along the car, passing several passengers. We squeeze by another car, narrowly missing it.

Am I making a desperate but miraculously succesful escape?



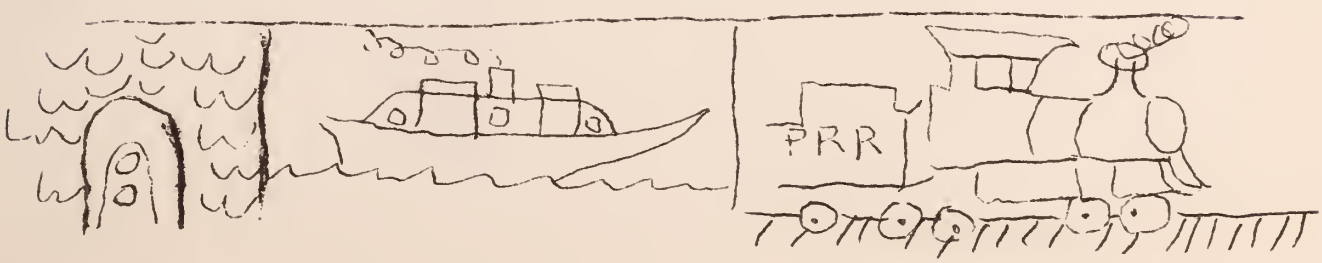
A ship resembling a large ferryboat is crossing a body of water. On an enclosed deck stands a group of men. One of them, tall, blonde, muscular and jovial, wears a peaked yachting cap and a shirt open at the neck. Laughingly he bets the other men that the ship won't make it to the other shore.

The men cross through the ship's interior to the other side, stand at the bow and stare at the water as the ship successfully rushes through a narrow opening in a row of pilings. It seemed impossible that so wide a ship could fit through so small a space without scraping its sides.

To the port side about five hundred yards away sits another ferryboat; sleek, long, low, shiny dark-green. Two large, box-shaped structures can be seen on its deck.

The sky is bright as we approach land where a train can be seen careening along close to the shore line. Box-like objects on the train are filled with singing men. As the train passes, we see that it is pulling another locomotive that faces in the opposite direction.

Is this also escape?



I am watching an amusing scene outdoors. Two men are both encased in one jacket. So attached, they can move only by stepping sidewise like a crab, a predicament I find so funny that I laugh loudly.

A refreshing interlude!

Among some people in the street stands a woman glaring intently at me with hatred in her dark, haggard eyes. Her gray-streaked hair falls in disorder around her gaunt, pale face. I stare at her and cry out in fear and despair because I know she is going to spit deadly venom into my eyes!

Escape is impossible!

Norman Simons

Four by Thom Smith

february blue days past and gone
march of spring new days comin' on
all the winter cold
all my sad love sold
melting in the spring day sun
flowers from new roads to run

brand new sun gleam lite my skin
weary winter birds fly home
all god's earth is fresh again
and all his children free to roam
on city sidewalks brite by day
and woody paths where tall trees sway

blossom colors heal the bark
once dried and torn in winter dark
and maybe in the spring's clear rain
maybe I'll know love again

with white clouds a bird flies high
within the crowds my mind must die
I dream that the day is done
I hope that I've touched some one
and still- the sun glows
and the faces flow

hush- the blackness sighs
a lifted curtain brings the breeze
nitetime voices cry
and all the pains are nursed to ease

one by one each steel door locks
and fingers busy setting clocks
to greet the friday morning sun
not knowing it will ever come

forever strings hide in my day
tell my love I must go astray
to find the morning
and dime to buy my piece
to quell the storming
and fall upon my feet
of lovers in a grassy spot
kind of cool and kind of hot
kind of blue and green and cold
where I can watch my dreams unfold
and hidden from the city ice
decked by nature's sweetest spice
for just a thought a scheme a prayer
I'll lay my body naked there
bathed by god's smooth mid-day air

I always thought that in the nite
blackened by the heat of sins
I still could sense you oh so slight
sitting in rooms where we had been

thinking of the tears we shared
my mind mumbles a tender song
then I cry "she never cared"
hoping that my words are wrong

can the touch of sweet skin lie?
can the scent of new love die?

I tried so hard to find new games
when you were stolen by the flames
of doubt and sorrow nite by day
I could not feel you slip away

now three new faces court my dreams
but I don't want their brand new schemes
as long as there's your smallest trace
I can not let them take your place

A DARK FABLE

I was looking over my scrapbook from days long gone. I am referring to my early childhood days when everything was so innocent and simple. Well, I happened to come across a picture of my second grade class production of Brer Rabbit. This production took place in an army post school in Kentucky where there weren't many "colored" kids living on army posts. I was one of the few lucky (I guess) "colored" kids to live on an army post. But to return to the story, I began to remember the story that went behind the picture of the little inkspot in the green get-up that was suppose to be a cabbage.

Well, one day my second grade teacher, Mrs. Jackson, told the class that for our class play we were going to do Brer Rabbit. Since that was the story we had just finished in our readers, we quickly decided which parts were good for us. I wanted to play Brer Bear because I really liked bears. To some disappointment and some delight, Mrs. Jackson made the final decision. (I think now is the time to introduce some vital information--I was the only Black child in my class.) Mrs. Jackson announced that I (Me, little old Janice!) was going to play Tar Baby. At first I wasn't quite sure it was as good as being Brer Bear, but after thinking about it I decided it wasn't so bad. At least I wouldn't need a special costume-I was already dark. The more I thought about it the better I liked it. When I got home, however, my mother hit the roof. She yelled and screamed about how nobody was going to use her children as Tar Babies.

I was hurt. My daddy agreed with my mother. My sister laughed. I think I cried twenty thousand hours before I finally went to sleep. The next day my mother took me to school and confronted Mrs. Jackson. The next thing I knew was that Mrs. Jackson told me I was to play a cabbage. I think I hated my family for at least two weeks (that's how long it took to put the play together). Well, I guess that goes to show you that being Black isn't all fun. (?)

Janice Thompson

SNOW

Helplessly the snow falls. Each flake, on its own, wanders through the air. Elemental forces may cause the snow to have a rough descent or a calm one. Regardless of the nature of its voyage, it undetectably loses it purity, and its destination is a mystery.

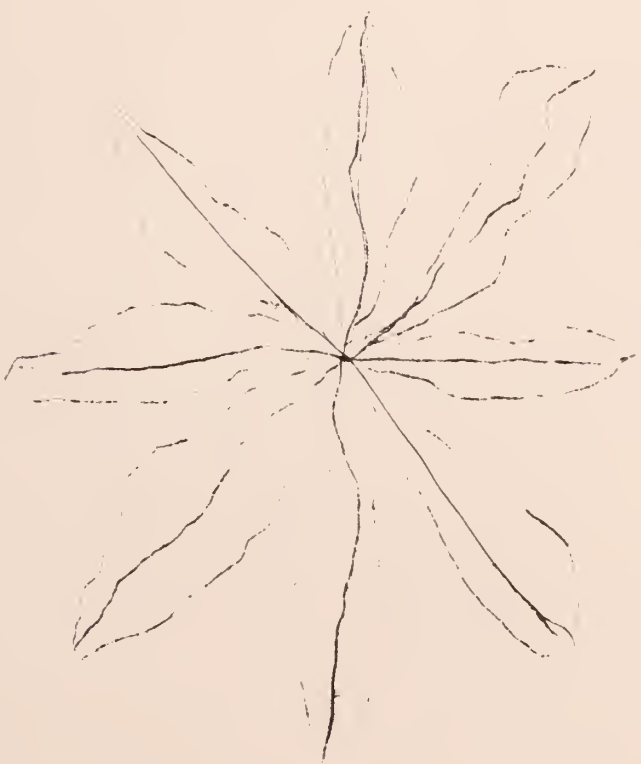
Some flakes start their pilgrimage in good faith, only to meet some warm air current. Others, which have gained quite a bit of confidence in their existence, will land on a warm sidewalk or street, while their peers suddenly see their fate as they descend into the ocean. The fortunate ones (or are they really so fortunate?) cover the streets, mountainsides, valleys, roofs, lawns, and trees. They have endured; but for how long?

Man, with his cars, street cleaners, feet, shovels, and ideas, destroys it, taking away what purity it has. The snow becomes a member of society.

The innocent, ignorant sun does its duty, bringing warmth, and all the life loving snow dies. It now has to face judgment. Some of

the water runs down the mountains into the clear streams, while some make mud puddles which cause man to curse and despise it. But later, the sun gives the snow another opportunity, or should it be called a slim chance? The water evaporates, forming clouds. There is a reincarnation. And it snows again.

Alfred Wyche



TREE-HOUSES AND OTHER THINGS

I loved you last July
When silken crab-apples
Hung green upon the tree
That cradled our secret fort,
Our doll-house that swayed
In the minted breeze that
Brought soft summer rain
to plip on silver shingles
And spoiled the Tollhouse cookies
That left themselves outside.

I loved you on that morning
After Shredded-wheat and milk
When we explored sassafras jungles,
And chased butterflies all jolly
As they teased about the brook
That made us hike our Wrangler's up
While we snooped for zippy crawdads,
That drowsy August afternoon of
Combs-and-waxed-paper tunes when
I grew up;
The day you moved away.

Adrienne Soricelli

One by Kathie Luscombe

I may play myself to myself many times again-

I may touch old memories, bits of songs, torn reminders
of my feelings-

I may sometimes hand you papers with lace and words-

-and bits of pretty stone and rock

-and clean water - or tea -

But, please, sir - and I won't knock,

may I always hand you me?

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